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Book and Job Printing  
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

TRUE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE EMBROIDERY-WORKER;

on,

THE TWO COUSINS.

A SEQUEL TO "THE FIRE-SCREEN."

BY J. H. INGRAM.

The unhappy embroidery girl, after descending the steps of her rich uncle's house, hastened first to an apothecary's where she purchased the needed medicines her father required. Thence she flew to a family grocery, where she got oranges, a lemon or two, and a few grapes—she could buy but few because they were costly; but she knew how a cool grape would refresh the fevered tongue. She did not forget a few ounces of nice green tea for her mother, nor a small packet of snuff. From the grocery, she took a course in the direction of a butcher's shop. Fortunately it was open, for it was not yet quite ten o'clock. She bought a chicken, and placed it under her shawl with her other little purchases. She did not heed the cold. She was too busy to know whether it was cold or not. Besides, she ran so hard from place to place, partly from fear of being out so late, and partly from a desire to return home to gladden her father and mother. No one insulted her. The very severity of the night was her protection; for the libertine street-prover dared not venture abroad.

How her heart and lips blessed Michael, the kind Irishman, at every step she went homeward with her treasures!

She reached her humble dwelling, and entered it trembling more with joy than with the cold. It she could have seen about her with the eyes of her spirit, she would have seen that an angel entered with her: for the good and pure are ever thus attended.

She softly lifted the latch of the inner door. The flickering end of the penny candle was just expiring. Her mother still slept, not in the chair where she had left her, but her head resting upon the pillow with her hand in that of her husband. He was not asleep, as he heard her enter and looked around; but he had not moved lest he should disturb his wearied wife's repose.

He smiled on seeing her enter. She returned the smile with one of happiness, and laying down her bundles, quickly threw aside her shawl and hood. She first took a candle from one of the parcels, and lighted it at the expiring wick and then approaching her father, bent over him and kissed his hot and feverish cheek.

"Where have you been, Mary dear?" he asked with surprise.

"I have been to the shop with my embroidery. Did you finish it?" he enquired with animation.

"Yes, dear father! I stole out while you slept. See what I have bought! A nice chicken for broth; and here are four oranges and some grapes, and a great many things, besides your medicines. Then I have two dollars left!"

"God be thanked!" ejaculated William Redfield, with devout gratitude beaming from his sunken eyes, as he raised them to the Source from whence all prosperity comes to us. He believed that Mary had bought the things with the money she had received for her fire-screen. She did not undeceive him. She was yet undecided whether she ought to tell him that she had been to his brother's. She feared that if she told him how his brother and her cousin had received her, he would be so much excited as to retard his recovery. She resolved, therefore to wait until he should be quite well; for now that she had bought so many things and was so rich she felt that he would begin to mend.

Edith awoke, and seeing the articles that Mary had purchased, she was for a few moments overcome with joy. She sank upon her knees, and blessed God with a fervor and sincerity that only can come from the lips and the deep heart of the needy when relief has been vocalized.

"How little the rich think upon the poor! How little do they reflect what deep joy a few dollars would create in a household like that of William

Redfield's! and there are in every lane and by-lane such families.

"Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whitens soft, white hands."

So long as the rich man knows that his neighbour is in want, his money is not his own. His rich furniture, his costly pier-glasses, his marble tables and luxurious draperies, are not his own. He may call them so, but He, of whom 'Riches come and honors,' does not.

They are the poor man's till the poor man's need is supplied. The notes in the rich man's pocket book are not his while his neighbor the poor man is perishing for two-pence to buy a loaf of bread. *Heum* and *lumen* have very different significations in Heaven from which they bear on earth.

William Redfield began to grow better space.

Mary received from Mrs. Curtis two dollars and a half, after calling for it no less than five times.

The last time she called she noticed at the door a very showy equipage. Upon the panel was a lion's head surmounting a shield barred and quartered like a nobleman's. Under the shield were the letters P. R. very conspicuous. The carriage, though Mary did not know it, was Plat Redfield's.

The arms he had selected out of any quantity in the book of heraldry kept in Tremont street. He had found a Baron Reidville's arms, and as this name came near his own and as the obliging herald book proprietor courteously said that in all probability the names were originally one and the same, he selected this; notwithstanding, in one of the quarterings was a thistle and other royal emblems, showing that the blood of the old Scotch Kings flowed in the veins of the Barons of Reidville.

Mary entered the Fancy store without being aware that the owner of that splendid coach was allied to her by blood. There was but one lady in the store when she entered, and she was at the farther extremity. Mary saw only that she was magnificently dressed in velvets and feathers.

"So, what a pest this girl is!" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, on seeing her. "You have come after your money again! There, take it!" and Mrs. Curtis took two dollars and a half from the money drawer and flung it down upon the counter towards her. Mary made no reply, but quietly took up the money, happy to get it even in that rude manner.

"Have you any more work for me, Mrs. Curtis?" she asked, doubtfully.

"No, nothing. You charge enormous. I can get fifty poor girls to work for half you do and glad to get the chance. But, stop Miss, if you

will work a pair of ottoman covers for a dollar a piece you shall have the job. They are for the rich Miss Redfield who is going to be married, and she will want them soon, shan't you Miss Redfield?" added Mrs. Curtis with a smile and a low courtesy to come one behind Mary.

The blood mounted quick and warm to Mary's cheeks. She knew that the richly dressed lady was her cousin. She did not wish to see her and was gliding out of the store without turning round, when Mrs. Curtis continued in a loud tone, calling to her—

"Stop, Miss. I'll make a bargain with you when I have waited on Miss Redfield."

Miss Redfield! How strange the name sounded to Mary's ears—her own name, yet not her own—but that of a rich heiress! What a difference money makes in two names!

Mary paused, but did not turn round.

"This is the young woman that embroidered the fire-screen you admired so," said Mrs. Curtis to the heiress in a tone Mary could overhear.

"Indeed! who is she?" Mary heard her cousin ask in a haughty tone.

"A Miss Redman, or something—a poor girl!

I employ her out of charity! You don't know how I feel for the poor, Miss Redfield! You have no idea what a deal of good I do!"

"Young woman," said the heiress, approaching Mary, and talking as she advanced, "I am told you embroider. I have twelve chairs I want done in the most elegant style."

"Perhaps when you know who I am," answered Mary, with quiet dignity, turning towards her and meeting calmly her eyes, "you will refuse to employ me. Yet I am willing to do them."

Her cousin started back with surprise and confusion. Her eyes dropped before the pure, open expression of the beautiful needle-worker. Anger and hatred, deepened by envy, agitated her.

She would have given vent to it, but she feared that Mary would expose her relationship! She therefore, with consummate tact and self-control said, with freezing smile—

"I believe we did not agree upon the price, young girl, when last you saw me. I will now pay you. You see, Mrs. Curtis," she added, turn-

"Rich and poor," a poem by Lowell, that reflects honor upon his head and heart."

ing round to the shop woman with a nervous laugh, trembling lest she should suspect something; "you see she refuses to work for me because she thinks I will not employ her again."

"She ought to feel honored, Miss Redfield, even for you to notice her at all. But she is a forward thing. If you will leave the matter to me, I will bargain with her."

Mrs. Curtis had an eye to the profits. For work that she would pay Mary a dollar for, she would charge Miss Redfield five or six, or more still, as her conscience would let her.

"Well I will pay her now what I owe her," said she, taking from a jewelled purse a bank note. "There, Miss, is a ten dollar note. I hope now we shall not have any further misunderstanding."

"You owe me nothing," answered Mary, surprised.

"Indeed I am right! You forget! Take it and don't be so foolish! There, take it, and go—that's a good girl!"

Mary at once saw through this strange proceeding. She understood, with her natural sagacity, that this was a bribe for her to be silent about the relationship. This accounted to her for her cousin's nervous embarrassment, her forced smiles and courtesy, and the feigned debt!

"No, I cannot take it," answered Mary, firmly. "Be not alarmed, Miss Redfield, I shall not betray you!"

The heiress looked chagrined—annoyed. She felt lowered in her cousin's presence. She could not reply. She lost her self-possession and haughtily bowing, passed her and left the shop.

"Run after her, Ophelia Ann, and give the fire-screen to the footman."

Mary went out behind her cousin, and saw her stepping into her carriage. She saw Ophelia Ann approach with the screen, and overheard her cousin say quickly and angrily—

"Take it back! I shall not have it! Tell your mother to dispose of it at any price!"

"My poor fire-screen!" sighed Mary. "How many a weary hour have I spent over that and now it is cast away—and by my cousin, too, because I worked it! Oh! if to rich makes such hearts, may it be my lot always to be poor! I would not, humble as I am, change places with my rich cousin, as she rolls away in her coach, to have also her proud and cruel heart! I know that I am happier than she is!"

"How odd!" ejaculated Mrs. Curtis, as Ophelia Ann returned with the screen and made her report. "They acted so strange, both of them

and to refuse ten dollars, the girl! I wonder what work she did, and when? They have had a quarrel, I know. How impudent that thing is!"

I wonder Miss Redfield condescended to speak to her!"

"I wouldn't employ her again, ma."

"I won't, unless she'll work for half price."

The carriage rumbled with slow and stately motion past Mary, and at the same moment she saw a very elegant foreigner, about eight and twenty, lift his hat quite off his head and bow and courteously smile to her cousin, as she passed.

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"Rich and poor," a poem by Lowell, that reflects honor upon his head and heart."

He had still a hundred dollars left, which, with economy, he resolved should last him some weeks when, at least, he hoped to be relieved.

He saw advertisement which offered to a single gentleman a convenient room with a soft-bed, on moderate terms, in a house where there is no other boarders.

He went to look at the room. The house was a small but respectable looking tenement, on a pleasant street, but retired. The landlady was a widow, a simple, good woman, with two or three small children; and to eke out her income, she had advertised her 'best chamber.' Casanova was pleased with the location of the house, with the room, and with the lady. When she asked him for a reference, he quietly paid her down a month's advance; and this stamped him at once as an honorable gentleman. The same evening he removed to his new lodgings.

The next morning after he had breakfasted, his hostess knocked at his door.

"You will want washing done, sir?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Well, as your linen seems to look so fine, I dare not undertake it myself, but I can recommend to you a nice, neat body, as I dare say will be delighted to get to do it."

"Any body you recommend will satisfy me, I am sure."

"How polite you are, sir. I will go and speak to the lady at once, sir."

Mistress Townes threw her shawl over her head, and going out of the side door of her house, stepped into a little alley or foot passage way that went by her house, connecting the street with a lane in the rear. After going a few steps, she glided into a two story tenement, tripped across a cold, bleak entry, tapped at a door, and then entered. She was in the first room of William Redfield's house. William had got much better and was sitting up, and hoped in a week to be able to work. Edith was cheerful again, and singing as she intended a pair of mittens for him to wear. Mary was embroidering a pair of slippers of very handsome pattern. She had bought the worsted herself, and hoped to sell them when they were done.

"Ah, William, I am glad to see you up again.

It is hard for the poor to be sick. Mary at work with her needle! How pretty you are, dear!

You ought to marry well, and you will make a good wife, too! Don't blush, I don't mean nothing!"

"Sit down, Mrs. Townes," said Edith, politely handing her a chair.

"No, dear, no—I only came to see you in a business way, like. You see, I have let my best room to a genteel lodger. He is a foreigner, but a true and proper gentleman, as you will say when you see him; and he's handsome enough for Mary's husband! How the child colors up!

Mary very naturally thought at once of the handsome foreigner she had seen two or three days before bow to her cousin.

"Now I have come, dears," continued good Mistress Townes, to propose you should do his washing, Mrs. Redfield. I know you are poor, and find it hard to get along. Now he soils a deal of linen in a week, and the washing would come to a pretty penny. I know you don't take in washing, and I didn't know but what you might be offended, but—

"Not a bit, not a bit, Mrs. Townes," answered Mrs. Redfield, warmly and heartily. "I don't know any thing that pleases me more than this offer. You were very good to think of me."

"Don't speak of it! Now that is settled!"

Mary will come with the clothes after they are washed, and my eldest, Patty, shall bring 'em to you every Monday morning. Now good bye, dears. Be sociable, Mrs. Redfield, and Mary, I am always at home!"

With these words, the kind good body shut the door and returned to her house, happy that she had done a good deed in getting employment for poor Mrs. Redfield, and rejoiced that the important matter of her lodger's washing was so easily settled.

At the close of the next week, while Mr. Casanova was seated in his room, writing a letter in Spanish to a friend in Mexico, who had the care of his money, Mrs. Townes knocked at the door with the ends of her knitting needles, for she never had her knitting out of her fingers. Her lodger knew the knock, and said 'come in' without ceasing his occupation.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," said Mrs. Townes, as she opened the door, "come in with the things—it's a parlor-sola bed room only. Don't be frightened!"

"This was spoken in an under tone, but not so low but that Mr. Casanova could hear her, and understand that she was trying to prevail upon some one to come in.

'No; take them in to him, if you please. I will wait here for the money, Mrs. Townes,' said a musical voice.

Mr. Casanova rose, opened wider the door, and beheld standing with his hostess the lovely girl who had sympathised with his discomfiture, and whose face he had often since thought upon. He recognized her at once. He bowed, and Mary blushed deeply, and drew back with mingled emotions of surprise and pleasure.

'It is the handsome Mary Redfield, sir. She has brought your clothes; but she is so bashful she wouldn't bring them in herself. You see, dear Mary,' she added, turning to her, 'he is a gentleman, and won't frighten a body, if he is a foreigner!'

'Redfield! Is it possible!' thought Casanova; 'what a likeness! Yet there can be no relationship!'

He stood before her, gazing upon her with admiration, and unconscious that he was doing so, until he saw her turn away with embarrassment.

'You see, sir, how nice your things are done up! They look like snow! Her mother is a notable, neat woman; but I expect Mary did the ironing and nice plaiting!'

'Is it the mother of this young lady whom you have engaged to do my washing?' at length asked Casanova, with surprise.

'Yes; how many pieces did you send? Oh, here is the list—twenty-seven—two dozen and a quarter. Just—'

'Never mind, Mrs. Townes. There, Miss, is the pay for the washing,' said Casanova, looking as if he hardly knew how to pay money to such a beautiful girl. And he placed, with a polite and kind air, a sovereign in her hand.

'I cannot change it, sir,' said Mary, without looking up to meet his dark and handsome eyes.

'I do not wish you to. Every week I have resolved to pay this sum for my washing!'

'I cannot take so much, sir!'

'Take it, dear—he is rich! Take it, it will please him,' said Mrs. Townes, aside to her.

'I may not receive more than the bill,' replied Mary, firmly. 'You will oblige me by changing it, Mrs. Townes.'

'What a queer girl! Well, perhaps you are right. One shouldn't be under obligations for favors to strangers, especially pretty young girls to handsome gentlemen,' said Mrs. Townes, looking at her lodger, and laughing good humoredly. And, drawing a purse from her pocket, she changed the gold piece for her.

Mary then took her leave, quietly saying good morning to him. He would have escorted her to the door, but she ran rapidly down stairs, and was soon home.

One would have to count far above a hundred to enumerate the number of times she thought of the handsome Mexican that day, and he of her. Her heart had never been interested in any gentleman. Her humble station, her modesty and purity, had kept her aloof from the contact of miscellaneous society. She was one of those flowers which bloomed and blushed unseen. All men were alike indifferent to her, until she met the eyes of Casanova, when he bowed to her cousin, and met with such a rebuff. His image dwelt in her thoughts, and, although she laughed at herself twenty times in a day for thinking of one whom she had seen but once and might never see again, yet still she would think of him in spite of herself; and the more she thought of him, the more deeply her feelings became interested.

It will be recollect'd how she started and became confused when Mrs. Townes spoke of the handsome young foreigner that lodged at her house!

She had taken to him the linen, but not without a struggle whether to do it or not. She did not, as a modest maiden, like to go to a gentleman's room on such an errand, but she had a strong and painful curiosity to ascertain, by seeing him, if he was the same person she had seen bow to her cousin. Curiosity prevailed, but ere she got to the door, her courage deserted her, and she shrank from seeing him lest it should be he, and her motives should be misconstrued by him. So sensitive ever is virgin delicacy!

For three days Casanova could not get the beautiful daughter of his laundry from his mind; nor did he then, but sent for Mrs. Townes to come to his room.

'Well, Mr. Cossynov, did you wish to see me?' she asked, courtesying, and smoothing her cap in front, and arranging the bow a little beneath her chin.

'I want you to tell me who this young and lovely creature is!'

Mr. Casanova had laying before him a book on the page of which was the picture of Queen Bess at the age of sixty. Mrs. Townes thought he meant the picture, (for as she was not in love with Mary Redfield was not in all her thoughts,) and looking over his shoulder, exclaimed—

'Umph! I am told she is an English lady!'

'No, an American, Senora!'

'Indeed! An American! I wonder where he could have married her?'

'Yo no se,' responded the Spaniard.

The hour of the levee approached. In a drawing room of the Palace, adjoining the reception room, walked the President to and fro, conversing with one of his cabinet. He wore a gorgeous uniform, and being one of the handsomest men in the Republic, tall and noble in person and yet not thirty-eight years of age, his appearance was calculated to command admiration and homage.

'While he was yet walking and conversing from time to time smiling with that amity and grace which becomes so well his fine face, the door of an inner apartment opened, and a lady entered.

'She is just as you saw her—lovely, virtuous, and good! There isn't in all Boston her equal in heart no more than in face! Her rich cousin the heiress, isn't half so handsome and I know she isn't so good!'

'Is it possible Miss Redfield is her cousin—the rich Miss Redfield?'

'Yes—own cousin, though I didn't know it till day before yesterday, when, as I was talking with William, her father, an honest, hard working man, he told me all the story. The two brothers started in life even, but one took fortin' and went down, and the other took fortin' and went up. So one is rich as Dives in the Bible, and his da'ter is a proud heiress, and the other is poor as Lazarus, and his da'ter is an

embroidery-worker. The rich family have not spoken to the poor family for years, and scorn them; and William is to independent to apply to his brother for aid, though he needs it, for he is sickly. Your washing was a great blessing to them!'

'I was at once struck with the likeness to Miss Redfield!'

'Then you know her?'

'I did. I was pleased with her. I could have loved her, but for something, I know not what, that was repulsive in her, with all her beauty! That something I now know. It was pride and selfish ambition. But all that she lacked to win my heart I have discovered in her humble cousin. She has all Miss Redfield's physical beauty, with the additional expression of a pure, Heavenly spirit!'

'I am so glad to hear you speak so of Mary. I should like to become better acquainted with her, Mrs. Townes. I am deeply interested in her! But she is so shrinking and seeming afraid of me!'

'I will get her here to tea to morrow, and her father and mother. You shall see them all three. You can get a chance of talking with Mary—I'll see that you shall!'

'You are my best of friends, Mrs. Townes! answered Casanova, with delight.

The next evening William and Edith came with Mary, to take tea with the good Mrs. Townes. The former were pleased with the kind and amiable manners of the lodger and his polite attention to their wants, made them feel perfectly at their ease, and won their hearts—said but little to Mary; but whenever he did speak his words sent a thrill through her heart; and when, by chance, she met his eyes across the table, their glances penetrated to her soul.

Mrs. Townes had sagacity enough to see how matters stood, and that Mary was quite as much in love with her handsome lodger as he was with her; though she showed it only by an air of shrinking timidity, looking like an alarmed fawn ready to fly at the slightest sound, while he manifested it by looks of tenderness and the most love-like devotion.

At dusk, William said he must go home for fear of the rheumatism. Edith rose to accompany him, and so did Mary; and Mrs. Townes insisted on Mary's staying, to play a game of back-gammon with Mr. Cossynov, and as Mr. Casanova urged the request, they permitted, and she blushing yet pleased, consented.

It was one of the happiest evenings of her life. They were alone (good Mrs. Townes!) two hours, but not playing the game of back-gammon—the game of hearts! When the nine o'clock bell struck, Mary was amazed, and said to Mrs. Townes that she had no idea that it was after eight! Mrs. Townes quietly replied—

'I dare say, dear!'

Casanova walked home with her, not by the alley, as it was too narrow for two to walk side by side, but round the square by the streets. At the door she suffered him to press his lips to her hand, and then hastened in, her heart over full of happiness. Oh, love! what joys, unwritten yet and ever will be, dost thou pour into the young heart! Thou canst create a paradise in the soul that mocks Eden!

Seven years have elapsed since the scenes of the foregoing part of the story transpired.

There has been in the meanwhile two revolutions in Mexico. At length a permanent government seemed established, and the United States sent an accredited Minister to reside there.

The President of Mexico had appointed a certain day on which to receive the Foreign Ministers and the whole corps. It was to be an occasion of unusual splendor. The National Palace was to be the scene of the reception, which was to terminate in a ball the most select and elegant of its kind.

The beauty and accomplishments of the wife of the President gave a highly cultivated tone to the Mexican Court that it had not had for years. Beautiful and refined and fascinating as the ladies of Mexico were, rumor had it that they were eclipsed by the charms and graces of the lady of the President.

The wife of an American Ambassador was in her hotel, preparing for the presentation and fete at the palace. She was arraying herself in diamonds, attended by two waiting maid's and a Spanish maid of honor. The Ambassador was a woman of commanding beauty, but an air of pride, a look of passion, uncontrolled by love and kindness, marred the perfection of her features. She forgot for a moment her position, and stood abruptly gazing upon her with parted lips and fixed eyes. Mary saw her confusion, and kindly smiled to re-assure her, addressed some words to her touching her journey to Mexico and her gratitude at seeing her. Frances made no reply. Her eyes had recognized in Herrera, the young foreigner whom she had insulted.

At the same instant the sound of Mary's voice caused her to recollect who it was she resembled so wonderfully.

'You seem to recognise me, Senora,' said Casanova, with a slight smile of irony, yet without losing his courteousness and dignity of place. 'When I was an exile in the United States, I had the honor of meeting you.'

The heiress felt as if she should sink with chagrin. She saw at once how premature had been her hasty treatment of the young foreigner; and that but for her pride and folly she might now have been his wife and in the rank of queens! How bitterly did she lament her conduct!

The resemblance of his lady to her poor cousin, continued each moment to trouble her.

Casanova continued:

'Perhaps you may also have some recollection of Senora Herrera, my good and beautiful wife! I married her in Boston. Her name was Mary Redfield. She was not an heiress; but she had a heart that was richer in virtue and truth and heavenly charities than all the names of Mexico, or of the Ind.'

'I see! I see it now! God has judged me, oh how fearfully!' she grasped. The color forsooth her cheeks and she seemed ready to fall. The President would have caught her.

'No—no! I am well! Tell me, are you Mary Redfield? Say that you are not! Say that I am mocked by my fears!'

'I was Mary Redfield. I am now the wife of the President of the Republic,' answered Mary, with dignity. 'If you doubt still, you will see there the fire screen which I worked for you in the days when I was a poor embroidery-worker.'

'When you rejected it because she work it—

beautiful! Upon her pure brow reposed the calm serenity of a heart at peace; and gentleness and love, and fond affection of her husband, as she approached him, beamed from her eyes and illuminated all her countenance.

'Maria, mi abra!' said the President, leaving the gentlemen and hastening to meet her with the warmth and sincerity of unabated love. 'How charmingly you look! But you always are lovely! Shall we go into the reception room?'

'Yes, Francisco,' she said, giving her hand to him, which he took and pressed to his lips with lover-like gallantry.

'I have a surprise for you!' he said, as they entered the gorgeous hall, where the officers of State were awaiting him, though none of the guests had yet arrived.

'What is it? Surprises are always awaiting me from your affection.'

'It is no gift this time. Do you know that your cousin is in Mexico.'

'My cousin?'

'Yes, Mary. I three days ago received the credentials of the new American Minister. As soon as I heard the name, I suspected that it was Mr. Palmer, who married your cousin six years ago, a few months after we were married. I resolved not to say anything to you about it. I have had a glimpse of the lady, and in her recognition the belle and heiress to whom I owe myself; for if she had not refused to speak to me, I should never have caught your sympathising eye—we should never have met!'

'Is it possible she is here? And must I meet and receive her to day?' asked his beautiful wife with a momentary emotion of alarm at the idea of meeting her.

'Yes, you are to see her, dear wife! And I shall enjoy your triumph and her confusion; for I am resolved she shall recognise to whom she is doing homage.'

'I have no desire to triumph over her,' answered Mary, with gentle charity.

'No, not with revenge! It is not in you. But you will triumph over her without any act on your part. She has only to be informed who you are.'

It was a trying moment for the amiable and excellent Senora Casanova Herrera. She had no malice in her nature. She resolved to receive her cousin with a kindness that should spare her feelings. She had not been elevated in pride by her high position. She had loved and wedded the young exile, knowing only that she knew him to be true and good. She had not married him blindly, for William had made such inquiries at the Mexican Consul's as to make him think that the young stranger was an honorable man though then poor, from the confiscation of his estates. He saw that Mary loved him, and gave his consent, and they were married about five months after Mrs. Townes received him as a lodger. But Casanova did not wed her to his poverty. Two weeks before he married, he received his withold remittances, to a large amount. He did not go into society again at Boston, but took his wife to New Orleans, and thence to Cuba, after leaving William and Edith.

Soon a revolution took place in Mexico. He was recalled, and returned to his possessions—

He rose to influence in the army. A second revolution drove him again into exile. He once more visited Boston. William and his wife were found happy and contented. He had heard very little, of the movements of his son-in-law, in Mexico, and followed his rise with pride.

Herrera Casanova and his wife went to Europe. After a few years' absence, a new revolution opened the republic to him. He hastened to Mexico. He was given a high command in the army; and shortly afterwards found himself at the head of the republic, and wielding its despotic power.

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The Guests began to arrive. The English, Russian, and French Ambassadors were presented. The American Minister and his lady also came forward. When the heiress raised her eyes to the face of the lady of the President, who stood by her husband on the steps of the throne, her first emotions were those of envy at her matchless beauty!—her next an indelible feeling of some painful recognition of her features. She forgot for a moment her position, and stood abruptly gazing upon her with parted lips and fixed eyes. Mary saw her confusion, and kindly smiled to re-assure her, addressed some words to her touching her journey to Mexico and her gratitude at seeing her. Frances made no reply.

Her eyes had recognized in Herrera, the young foreigner whom she had insulted.

At the same instant the sound of Mary's voice caused her to recollect who it was she resembled so wonderfully.

'You seem to recognise me, Senora,' said Casanova, with a slight smile of irony, yet without losing his courteousness and dignity of place. 'When I was an exile in the United States, I had the honor of meeting you.'

The heiress felt as if she should sink with chagrin. She saw at once how premature had been her hasty treatment of the young foreigner; and that but for her pride and folly she might now have been his wife and in the rank of queens! How bitterly did she lament her conduct!

The resemblance of his lady to her poor cousin, continued each moment to trouble her.

Casanova continued:

'Perhaps you may also have some recollection of Senora Herrera, my good and beautiful wife! I married her in Boston. Her name was Mary Redfield. She was not an heiress; but she had a heart that was richer in virtue and truth and heavenly charities than all the names of Mexico, or of the Ind.'

'I see! I see it now! God has judged me, oh how fearfully!' she grasped. The color forsooth her cheeks and she seemed ready to fall. The President would have caught her.

'No—no! I am well! Tell me, are you Mary Redfield? Say that you are not! Say that I am mocked by my fears!'

'I was Mary Redfield. I am now the wife of the President of the Republic,' answered Mary, with dignity. 'If you doubt still, you will see there the fire screen which I worked for you in the days when I was a poor embroidery-worker.'

'When you rejected it because she work it—

Mary told me the history of it, and I purchased it,' said the President.

'The Belgian Minister and lady,' were announced by the usher in waiting. The tones were those of Michael and on looking quickly around, the heiress, to her dismay, recognized her father's former footman, who had been elevated to this station by the grateful Mary—the faithful attendant of whose husband he had been ever since her marriage.

The lady of the American Minister gave way to the Belgian. The former did not go into the ball room, but immediately called her coach and returned to her hotel, the victim of sensations that cannot be depicted.

The next day the American Ambassador wrote home to be recalled, and two months afterwards, Madame Palmore left Mexico, having in the interval closely shut herself up from all society.

Her pride had been somewhat overthrown, not by her own fall—for she had married above her sphere—but by the elevation of one whom she hated.

Perhaps no retribution could have been more poetically just than for the proud heiress to behold her despised cousin thus elevated by her virtue alone to the throne of Mexico.

The brightest feature in Mary's character, after all her excellencies, was that she did not have any triumphant feelings in her heart. Pity and sympathy alone held place there, as it would do in the heart of all who like Mary Redfield, are true and good,

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 21, 1846.

### THE ASHBURTON TREATY.

The podium of the "Notice" discussion in the Senate, has been somewhat relieved by the discussion of the Treaty by which Maine was robbed of

## OUR GO-AHEAD PRINTERS.

**TYPE SETTING TYPE FOUNDING.** The city of Boston must govern itself exceedingly well to have every inhabitant in the right place and doing his or her duty at any given time. But in the form of types from which our daily is printed, there are more separate pieces of metal than there are people, old and young, in Boston. Every one of them must be placed right end up with care, must have clean face, and not a hair of its head missing. If there is a single disorderly type, or an absentee, or one befoolcease.

The comments of the English Press on the refusal of the American Government to Arbitrate on the Oregon question were somewhat revealing the disgrace. The intelligent reader will at once perceive that we have to mind our p's and q's, and that the wonder is, why we blunder so little, rather than so much.

A good many have been kind enough to admire the beauty of our dress. In return we will let them a little into the mystery of its 'getting up.' The Chronotype is printed from an improved description of type, which, though of exceedingly small size, is more legible and less expensive to the eyes than the larger prints of many papers. Every one knows the beauty of English, and particularly Scotch typography. Ours is Scotch type made in America. To S. N. Dickenson & Co. we owe this great improvement, which the moment we can procure, the right sort of paper from the manufacturer, will make our sheet as nice as if printed in London or Auld Reekie itself.

The improvement in type founded introduced by Mr. Dickenson, who now exists not only for himself but for sale, is two fold. 1st. In the cut of the letter. It not only has the good proportions of the Scotch letter, so delightful to the reader, but a durability which printers will know how to appreciate. This arises from the fact that the hair lines in the Scotch cut are always supported by a large base, and not, as is the case with the Yankee cut, so whittled down as to be knocked off by the least blow. The English and Scotch are famous for the substantial and durable character of their work, while the Yankees are scarcely less famous for making things that will 'do for the present.' This is true in their type founding. The Scotch type requires more time and pains in the finishing, but when once done it is there—able to stand the rough and tumble service, while our 'do for the present' type, after a few beautiful impressions begins to come into public view, and even go abroad with dirty face and dishevelled hair.

The hair lines are in fact that they may be rubbed off with the slightest violence. 2d. In the proportion or gradation of the different fonts. All of us know what a bad thing it is to be 'out of sorts.' This popular phrase is derived from the trouble of the printer when he lacks either of the letters or some of the 'spaces' and 'quads' which go to fill up between the letters, and which must be just the thing or they are nothing. Whoever is furnished with type by Mr. Dickenson will find the various fonts so graduated in size, that the 'spaces' of one font will serve in case of need the purpose of 'quads' in another. This is often a matter of importance and will save capital to the printers in a small way.

Some may wonder that an improvement so obvious as the first we have mentioned should not have been mentioned before. The reason is found not only in our Yankee propensity for getting up things in no time, but in the difficulty of getting the original patterns. The type is first cut in a piece of steel called a punch. The impression of this punch is taken in a piece of copper, and is called a matrix. To get up these punches and matrices is a matter of difficulty and expense, which those unacquainted with such operations cannot well realize. The workers competent to the task are few, and the process is slow. To import them is difficult, on account of the unwillingness of the foreign manufacturer to part with what may put others on a level with himself, and the enormous duty, which our government has seen fit to impose in order to protect this branch of domestic industry *against improvement*. Dickenson & Co. have conquered these difficulties and it is no more than fair they should have the credit of an improvement which will soon be if not known by all men.

*Boston Chronotype.*

**ALBERT AND VICTORIA.** The present Royal Family of England consists of six persons; Alexandra Victoria, twenty-six years of age; and Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emmanuel, her Royal husband, who is three months younger than his lady, the Queen. The eldest child will be five years old in November, and rejoices in the diminutive appellation of Victoria Adelaida Maria Loisa. The next child is a boy, and will be five years old the 9th of November. He will be the long heire, if he outlives his mother, and the kingdom endures—the boy taking precedence of his sister, alio younger. His name is Albert Edward, and his style the Prince of Wales. The second Princess Royal—two years old—is Alice Maud Mary. The Royal Prince, born the 6th of August last, is named Alfred Ernest Albert.

**REAR THIS.** The Indiana Freeman says, that at a recent revival in the M. E. Church, at Marion, O. the usual invitation was given for mourners to go to the altar and be prayed for. Among those that went forward, was a colored woman—but neither priests, nor the accepted of Christ, nor those who sought God's mercy, could bear her presence and she was thrust from the altar.

An "old man" writes to the editor of the Southern Miscellany, that "according to the twelve toling days, there will be another dry season from March to November, 1846." That was all.

## STILL LATER FROM EUROPE.

By two arrivals at New York—the packet ship Adirondack and the Pilot Boat Wm. J. Roper—the former on Friday evening, and the latter on Saturday morning last, Liverpool dates to the 11th and London dates to the 10th ult., have been received.

The comments of the English Press on the refusal of the American Government to Arbitrate on the Oregon question were somewhat revealing the disgrace. The intelligent reader will at once perceive that we have to mind our p's and q's, and that the wonder is, why we blunder so little, rather than so much.

Cotton had slightly advanced, and remained firm. The price of Wheat and Flour had improved.

The Tariff was still under discussion in Parliament, with a prospect of being speedily completed in accordance with the plans of the Ministry.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot gives the substance of the recommendations from the four Captains of the Navy, viz: Morris, Warrington, Crane, and Shubrick, in reference to the necessity and manner of increasing the navy which was referred to by Mr. Bancroft, in a letter to the chairman of the Naval Committee—dated January 14th as follows:

"They stated that the augmentation which it was believed the proposed objects impartially required, would be the addition of three sea steamers, of the class of the Mississippi—of five frigates, and six sloops with steam propellers in aid of their sails; twenty eight coast steamers, of about 600 tons, with arrangements for mounting along the coast with safety, to carry two heavy guns and eight or ten days fuel: twelve small coast steamers, calculated to carry one heavy gun for the navigation and protection of the sounds and passages which skirt the Southern Atlantic states, and those of the states bordering on the Gulf of Mexico; that one steamer be provided for the protection of Lakes Michigan and Huron, and twelve new sloops to be fitted with sails or with sails and steam combined."

The probable expense of this proposed additional force was estimated at about \$16,000,000.

In Canton, Wm. P. Bridgman, M. D., to Miss Delphine K. Hayford.—Mr. Ephraim M. Stedman, of Wintrop, to Miss Ann L. Whitney, of Canton. In Turner, Mr. Elbridge G. Bridgman of this town, to Miss Sophia R. Bonney, of Turner.

**Insufferable Insolence.** The Liverpool Courier of March 11, illustrates this predominant traits of British character, in the annexed paragraph:

"We fear that former concessions made to the Americans 'for the sake of peace' have produced much of the present difficulty. The expedient of sending an ambassador extraordinary, to yield to their most extravagant demands, has led them to believe that any thing may be obtained from us by bullying and bluster. Forbearance is thrown away on a people so inflated with notions of their power and importance."

A bill has passed the Massachusetts Senate to abolish the distinction between written and spoken defamation of character, which provides that every person who shall defame another by words, shall be punished by fine, or imprisonment in the common jail, or by both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court.

The Montreal Courier closes an article on the relations of England, and the United States, with the following paragraph:

"We are told, however, that many individuals in town have received private letters from England in which it is stated, that it is understood to be the fixed determination of the British Government to yield no territory north of the River Columbia."

**GENE THAT DREADFUL CORON!** It is the warning voice of Consumption. But be careful what remedies you use. Beware of all merely palliative medicines, which may relieve, but rarely cure. Use the Great English Remedy, Bache's Hungarian Balsam of Life, and you are safe. This is the most perfect and admirable remedy known to the civilized world.

The officers and crews of the Cunard Line of Steamships running between Boston and Liverpool, are constantly supplied with this valuable compound. Indeed, it forms a standard article in the list of ship-stores and medicines, on board all vessels sailing from English ports to cold and variable climates.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of MOSES HAMMOND, only agent in Paris.

## MARRIED.

In Canton, Wm. P. Bridgman, M. D., to Miss Delphine K. Hayford.—Mr. Ephraim M. Stedman, of Wintrop, to Miss Ann L. Whitney, of Canton.

In Turner, Mr. Elbridge G. Bridgman of this town, to Miss Sophia R. Bonney, of Turner.

In Livermore, Mr. Cyrus Chandler, of Bridgewater, to Miss Rosetta J. Pray.

## DIED.

In this town, 15th inst., of consumption, Mr. Amos Fuller, aged 44 years.

In this town, at four o'clock yesterday morning, Miss Sarah F. Thayer, daughter of Col. Eleazar Thayer, aged 10.

"Tis Jesus has called thee, dear sister, to go. And leave all thy friends, and those regards of woe. Thy soul is bathed in ransom, he now takes it away. To dwell in the mansions of glorious day; Where the song of free grace you forever will sing. To Christ as thy Saviour, your Prophet and King.

In East Livermore, Waitstill, wife of Adam Willard, aged 60.

In Salem, Mass., 5th inst., of erysipelas, Mrs. Nancy Rust, aged 81 years, relict of the late Capt. John Rust, of Norway.

## ATLANTIC & ST. LAWRENCE DAILY LINE.

**THE** undersigned proposes to establish a DAILY LINE of Ships from PARIS to PORTLAND, to commence on the first Monday of May next.

His State-bounding Paris Bay will be crossed A. M., will arrive at Portland in seven hours, intersect with the Boats and Cars for Boston, and the Bals Eastward, the same day; and leaving Portland daily at 7 o'clock A. M., will arrive at Paris at 6 o'clock P. M.

By this arrangement the facilities for public travel will be greatly increased, as his line intersects with all the great thoroughfares in Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, and is on the direct Route of the

Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road,

connecting the Metropolis of CANADA with LIVERPOOL and LONDON.

In return for the increased care and expense of the NEW ENTERPRISE, the proprietor only asks that passage to which the magnitude of the undertaking and the responsibility incurred entitle him.

G. G. WATERHOUSE.

Paris, April 14, 1846.

## PROBATE COURTS IN OXFORD COUNTY,

As established the second Tuesday of April,

A. D. 1846.

At the Probate Office, in Paris, 1st Tuesday in January, do do do 1st Tuesday in March, do 2d Tuesday in April, do 4th Tuesday in May, do do do 4th Tuesday in June, do do do 3d Tuesday in October, do do do last Tuesday in Nov.

At Waterford, on Monday preceding the 1st Tuesday in August, and Wednesday following the 1st Tuesday in January.

At Frysburg, on Wednesday following the 1st Tuesday in August, and Thursday following the 1st Tuesday in January.

At Birchfield, afternoon of Monday preceding the 3d Tuesday in September.

At Rimbald, afternoon of 23rd Tuesday in September.

At Dixfield, afternoon of 1st Tuesday in September.

At Buxton's Mills, in Livermore, on Wednesday following the 3d Tuesday in September.

At Turner Village, on Thursday following the 3d Tuesday in September.

At Wiscasset, on Friday following the 3d Tuesday in September.

At Wiscasset, afternoon of Monday preceding the 3d Tuesday in September.

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## FRIDAY.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

### To John Bull.

I wonder, John, if you forget, were sixty years ago, when we were very young, John, your head was white as snow, but you didn't count us much, John, and thought to make us run, but found out your mistake, John, one day at LEXINGTON; and when we asked you in, John, to take a cup of tea, made in old Boston harbor, John, the TEA POT OF THE FREE. You didn't like the party, John; it wasn't quite select; some aborigines were there you didn't much expect; You didn't like their manner, John, you couldn't drink their tea; but you became quite tipsy, (John, you drink a little still.) The day you married'd across the neck, and ran down Bunker Hill, You acted just like mad, John, and were numbered o'er and o'er, By your stalwart Yankee son, John, who had himself to see, But now I hope you're sober, John—you're quite too fat to run, You hasn't got the legs now, you had at BIRMINGHAM.

You had some corus upon your feet, CORNWALLIS, he was one, That made you at the YORKTOWN fight so lame you couldn't run;

You tried enough, I will admit, and threw away your gun,

And told a man to hold your sword, his name was WASHINGTON.

Another much-loved spot, John, has sweet associations;

When you were going down to YORK to see your rich relations;

The "Dutchman of the Mohawk," anxious you to entertain,

Put up some "Gates" that stopped you, John, on Saratoga's plain.

That hill you must remember, John, 'twas high and very green,

We mean to have it lithographed, and send it to the queen;

I know you love that hill, John; you dreamt of it nights;

The name it bore in '76, was simply BEMIS HEIGHTS.

Your old friend Ethan Allen, of Continental fame,

Who called you to surrender to "The Great Jehovah's name,"

You recognized the "Congress," then, authority most high,

The man he called so early, John, and rid you of PORT TOWNSEND,

I know you'll grieve to hear it John, and feelings are sore and sad,

To learn Ethan's dead and gone; yet still there's many a

law,

That's growing in his highland home, as full of guns and noise,

And gets up quite as early, John, these brave "Green Mountain boys."

"Oh, no, we never mention it," we think it quite unlucky,

The day you charged the cotton bags, and got into Kentucky,

I thought you knew geography, but misses in their trees,

Will tell that "Old Kentucky" was that day below Orleans,

The "beauty" on that day, John, was some distance from the bay,

And did you get the "booty," John? somehow my men's flags,

I rather think you made a "swap"; I've got it in my head,

That instead of gold and silver, John, you took it in cold lead,

Though "mistress of the ocean," you couldn't rule the lakes,

There were some "Ganders" in your fleet, but, John, you had no

"Drake's."

You had enough good spirits there, you drank both hock and sherry,

But, John, you couldn't stand our fare, you couldn't take our Perry,

"We make them all so'nt yet, John, on land and on the sea;

We look this little Continent, as purpose to be free;

Our engls' free, and love to sing; he cannot bear a cage;

His talons scratch'd the lion's back and set him in a cage,

Our glorious stars are sparkling bright, increasing year by year,

Supported by a million hearts, that never knew a fear,

Our child on high in their prayers, 'tis carried o'er the sea,

Dost hear it, John? It thunders there, "we're children of the free."

Free as our sires of '76—as bold, as brave, as true,

To worship God, and keep the land, we took, dear John, from you,

To keep our flag free on the land, unsullied on the wave,

Until the last in sight star shall set on the last freeman's grave,

I thought your memory I'd refresh, you like old things and times,

So these events, to please you, have ummbl'd into rhyme,

And don't forget your old tried friends, because you're now in

Ton,

But, John, just think of '76—and give up OREGON.

### THE MAN THAT THE DOG BARKED AT.

We noticed a man walking along one of our principal streets, whose appearance indicated that he was in a "peck of trouble." He looked cross enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two—something very serious had disturbed his equanimity. While we wondered what it could have been—whether or not he had failed in business, or lost his money by somebody else that had failed—whether or not his wife had eloped with his best friend, all formed a strange problem. The face of matters was wonderfully changed by quite a simple incident. We had not absolutely determined in our own mind the nature of his grievances, when an impudent little tattler, squatted upon the sidewalk, discovered something offensive in the appearance of the man to whom we have alluded, and jumped toward him with a sharp and angry bark. This was altogether to great an indignity, and filled the cup of our traveller's annoyance to overflowing. He turned fiercely towards the dog, and while he insulted him with an oath, attempted to kick him. The cur was altogether too nimble and as he leaped aside to avoid the punishment he had earned, barked more furiously than before. The man's anger knew no bounds; the more the dog barked at him, the more anxious he appeared to be to succeed in kicking him. The figure cut as the tattler careered into the middle of the street, the man after him, the dog yelping, and his antagonist swearing louder and louder was ludicrous in the extreme.

People gathered upon the side-walks in crowds. The ladies looked on and giggled, the men braced themselves against the wall, and shook their sides bravely, and the boys yelled out in great delight, "go it old fellow, go it while you're young." The man who made so laughable an exhibition of himself soon discovered that the dog was too agile for him, and gave up the chase in despair. It was not until then he observed he had made a fool of himself. He hastily drew down his hat over his brow and walked hastily away.

When our merriment had subsided we could not help thinking how much this little incident resembled human life, that is the life of many specimens of humanity. If the man whose story we have told, had only walked quietly on his way, and taken no notice of the cur, no matter whether the cur was governed by wanton or malicious motives he would have excited, as his conduct, neither laughter in others, nor diminished his own self-respect. So in a

thousand things in life. He who pursues his own path fearlessly, and calmly, without heed of the puerile assaults of those who cannot by any possibility affect his destinies, will act a part dictated by good sense and wisdom. This passing strange, that in a life so brief as this, when it is the power of each one to add to other's enjoyment, there should be so many curs.

The business of one half the people of this world seems to render the remainder uncomfortable and unhappy. There might be some slight extenuation if by making others miserable they could add to their own happiness; but no such results follow their labors. Indulgences in their own malicious propensities not only annoy others, but keeps themselves in a perfect stew by means conducive to comfort. The true way to manage these curs is to pass them quickly by—their yelping is altogether innocuous. The moment you meddle with them you find yourself in the identical position of the man who attempted to kick the dog, laughed at and derided, without the balm of self approval.

N. O. Pic.

WE know not who wrote the following: It is not far from the truth at any rate.

People may talk as much as they please about legerdemain, animal magnetism, clairvoyance, &c. &c. but command me to a Bank charter, which enables you to do these upon a grand scale, and much more effectually. I believe all who have taken the pains to consider the influence of a Bank charter, must admit its powers of magnetism; as for legerdemain, any exhibition ever yet made is a fool to it. It can lend money without having any; it can make dividends of profit out of losses, and the greater the losses the larger the dividends. Oh, if their be any thing which can rival the philosopher's stone, perhaps realize it, it is—a Bank charter.

Hints to Young Men. Always have a book within your reach, which you may catch up at your oof minutes.

Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. If you can gain fifteen minutes a day, it will be felt at the end of the year.

Regulate your thoughts when not at study. A man is thinking about something that is usus-

"Ah, sir," exclaimed an elder in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man. He was a powerful preacher for in the short time he delivered the word among us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dangled the inside out of five bibles."

An old whig gentleman objected to ride in the Pontchartrain railcars—because they were drawn by a loco-motive.

Those farmers who hesitate about their ability to take a newspaper, are recommended to keep one hen more than usual. The profit will pay all costs.

Water for Boston. The bill for supplying the city of Boston with pure and abundant waters of Long Pond, has passed the Legislature of Massachusetts, and receive the signature of the Governor.

Very small damage was done at Hampden by the frost, the report to the contrary proved to be untrue.

Bonapart's house, at Longwood, St. Helens, is now a barn—the room he died in is a stable, and where the imperial corpse laid in state may be found a machine for grinding corn.

### Treasurer's Notice.—Paris.

NOTICE is hereby given that Ann Matthews, Collector of taxes for the town of Paris, County of Oxford, for the year 1846, has on the eighth day of April, 1846, returned to me the following: a true copy of so much of the assessment as relates to the taxes due on real estate in said Paris for the year 1846, and remains unpaid, viz.:

Non-resident Proprietors \$ 625.

Thomas Lutwy, North part, 23 4 100 225 240

Unknown, N. E. part, 18 5 100 100 110

Fuller, Allen & Clark, 15 5 90 80

Hibbert, Isa & Jason, S. part 2 8 60 80

Durham, Isa. & Clark, S. W. part 10 100 100

South, Moses, part 6 1 20 100 100

30 8 1 20 100 100

Jacob Benjamin, part 27 1 60 120 120

Fuller, Allen & Clark, 27 1 25 25 25

Highway, 3 15 1 20 20

Resident Proprietors Tax

John Daniels, 152

Antonia Felt, 132

James Felt, 415

George W. Ripley, 130

H. F. Warren, 132

Wm. Susanna Warren, 132

J. C. Cole, Treasurer of the town of Paris for 1846.

One Cent Reward.

AN away from the subscriber on Monday, the eighth, FRANCIS BROWN, an indolent fellow, bound to me by the Overhand of the Law for the town of Paris. All persons are hereby forbid hearing or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts he has contracted, or may hereafter contract. Any person who will return him shall receive the above reward but no charge will be paid.

JAMES MERRILL  
Paris, April 11th, 1846.

### Pauper Notice.

WHEREAS the subscriber has contracted with the Overseer of the Poor of the town of Bethel, to support SUSAN FARVELL, a pauper of and town, for the date hereof to the first day of March next, and has made suitable provision for her maintenance at his dwelling-house in said Bethel, he hereby cautions all persons against harboring or trifling with his account, as he is determined to pay no debts he has contracted. PATRICK D. BATTIE,  
Bethel, March 23, 1846.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the Counties of Kennebec and Oxford.

THE undersigned beg leave to represent, that the existing roads as now travelled, from the northern parts of the County of Oxford, to the navigable waters of the Kennebec river, are unnecessarily hilly and circuitous, and that a far more easy and direct road can be had than any now travelled, or being located, and that the business of the northern parts of the County of Oxford actually requires a far more easy and direct way to the places of business on the Kennebec.

We therefore request your honor to view and locate a road, commencing at or near Mexico Corner; in the town of Oxford, as near to the present as possible, leading to the village of Mexico, in said County—thence by Dixfield village, Custer Pond, North Livermore, North Wayne, and crossing the narrowest of the pond between Rindorf Corner and Winthrop village, in near Packard's tavern in Winthrop, and from thence to the navigable waters of the Kennebec, at Hallowell and vicinity.

ISAAC N. STANLEY, et al., 336 others.

Dec. 23, 1845.

### STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC, etc.—Court of County Commissioners, December Term, 1845.

On the Petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received, to me, that the Petitioners are responsible, and ought to be taxed for the matter at forth in, and petition, it is ordered, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford be required to meet the Commissioners of the County of Oxford, at Mexico Corner, in said County of Oxford, on the second day of January next, at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of thence proceeding to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after such view a hearing of the parties and witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper. And it is further ordered, that notice be given, to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place and purpose of said meeting, by causing a copy of said petition and of this order of the court thereon, to be served upon the County Attorney and chairman of the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford, and upon the respective Clerks of all towns of Mexico, Dixfield, Canton, Livermore, L. Livermore, Winthrop, Fayette, Readfield, Winthrop, August, Hartland, and Gardner, and also up in three public places in each of said towns and published in the Age, to-morrow the palladium of the State, and in the Kennebec Journal, a newspaper printed in the County of Kennebec, and Oxford Democrat, printed in said County of Oxford. All of said notices to be served, posted and published thirty days at least before the time of said meeting; that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard if they care.

Attest: W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.

Attest: W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.</p